

Trope: Tattoo Shop AU (Spacedogs)

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by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Adam wants a tattoo of the solar system, so of course he goes to the tattoo artist who makes his own tattoo guns from meteorite.

Posting for #EatTheRare #SeasonsSlick and #RareMeat Spacedogs Week!

Notes

Discussed this idea a little in one of the discord chats, and partly inspired by the tattoo I got on holiday in 2015, which was done by an artist who made his own tattoo machines using meteorite.



Nigel stubbed out his cigarette and went back inside the tattoo parlour. His breath freezing in the cool air, but unable to resist the habit even in the cold.

He'd been running the shop a few years now, his own little studio in Brooklyn. It was a nice enough

neighbourhood, and he did well for business. It had been a tiny flower shop before he bought it, just the right size to fit in some good quality furniture and put prints of his previous tats on the walls. It was modest, but perfect for him.

He'd cut and run from Romania once he realised how dodgy things were getting, how deep he was being pulled into a world he didn't want to be in by unscrupulous clientele. He hadn't wanted to be that guy who just ended up working for mobsters. But it had started to slowly happen, and he reached the point where he realised that he only had so much time left before it would be too late to get himself out of it.

So he'd sold out his share of the shop he'd been in and moved to the States. Not least because, generally, it wasn't so bad for omegas in the US. Sure there was still the usual bullshit, but now he fully owned his own business. Whereas in Romania, he'd not even entertained the idea of saying no to the mob, omegas didn't say no without consequences.

This place offered him more freedom than he'd ever had. Even if the studio was small, it was his.

Nigel walked to the little kitchenette at the back of the shop, to make his morning coffee, when he heard the bell above the door ring.

It was too early for the mail, and the shop didn't open for another half hour, so Nigel's hackles went up. As they would on any omega with more than enough reason to be safety conscious, even if those reasons were in the past.

When he turned he expected to see some angry local, maybe a drunk who hadn't made it home from the night before. Or, god forbid, someone from the Bucharest mob deciding to pay a visit and let him know Darko wanted his fucking back piece finished. His first thought was always to the worst possible scenarios.

But it wasn't. It was some curly haired young guy looking furtively, though pretty intently at all the photos on the walls. He was bundled up against the winter cold outside, but had removed his hat, much to Nigel's pleasure.

"Can I help you, gorgeous?" Nigel asked with the easy charm of omegas in business.

"Oh, um... That's a term of endearment. I don't think we've met before?" The little guy looked towards him, but not at him. Eyes not meeting his as he looked nervous.

"No, we haven't sorry, my mistake." Nigel found himself replying gently, and was rewarded by the nerves settling and a small smile growing on the guy's lips.

And what a fucking smile. It made Nigel suck in a breath.

"You, um, you're the artist with the meteorite," He said nervously and Nigel nodded, realising after a moment that he was looking back at the photos again. The ones of the series of tattoo machines he'd made using meteorite.

"Yeah," Nigel took a few steps closer and, out of curiosity, scented the air. The scent of blockers filled his nose and he felt like an asshole for even trying to ascertain the guy's gender. It wasn't exactly polite. He cleared his throat, "They're all made from the Gibeon meteorite, it was discovered in 1838 but crashed into the earth about 4 billion years ago."

Nigel ran off his usual spiel. A lot of the time people didn't care beyond thinking it was kind of cool to get tattooed by one. Certainly no one gave a rat's ass about how long it took him to slice the meteorite and then cut it into the right shape for his custom made tattoo machines.

"Yes, I know." The man replied without looking at him. "It was found in Nambia by Captain Alexander, and-" He cut himself off and looked sheepishly at Nigel. "You probably already know a lot about it."

Nigel basked in the beauty of the man's eyes for the few moments that they held each other's gaze, and then nodded. "Yeah, uh, the guy I apprenticed under turned me onto making my own machines. I played with a few materials and then, meteorites just... they're interesting you know? Like it's been here for 4 billion years and before that it was hurtling through space! Where did it come from?" Nigel felt the wistful pull he always did when thinking about it, and it took him a moment to realise that the young man was looking at him again, smiling widely.

"Yes," He agreed, "It's a fascinating topic. I'd really enjoy talking to you more about this..." He trailed off as though remembering that wasn't what he came for. "But, I don't want to take up too much of your time. I wanted to get a tattoo. With one of the meteorite machines."

“Of course,” Nigel grinned, as he moved over to the little table at the front of the shop and opened the heavy book on top of it. “What’s your name?”

“Adam Raki. And I, um, I want to get a tattoo on my forearm, of the solar system. It’s actually, um, this...”

The guy pulled a small children’s book from his pocket, like a ‘kid’s first space book’ or something, and opened it to a well thumbed page. There was a 1960s drawing of the solar system, Pluto and all.

“I’ve never been tattooed before. I wanted to get something that... and, um, I saw an article about your shop. On the internet, it was from a while ago. But you’re not far from us... we live in Manhattan. And I don’t really believe in fate, because that doesn’t always make a lot of sense, but it was a happy coincidence that you are so close, and you could do a solar system tattoo with something that has been out there...” The guy drifted off into thought and looked up as though he could see the night sky.

His fucking passion made Nigel want to lick his throat and wonder how the fuck close his heat was to be having these sorts of reactions. He’d have to check his cycle later.

Nigel cleared his throat again and started to thumb through the pages of the large diary.

“It’s a hundred and twenty dollars per hour, and I could fit you in in about two months, maybe sooner if I get a cancellation.” He could hear the rare note of apology in his voice. Not least because he really wanted to see this guy again soon and have him ramble on about the solar system.

“Oh,” Adam’s face dropped. “I was hoping for it to be sooner. My... my dad is dying and this is something that has always been important to us. I was hoping he’d get to see it before he died, to know I’d always have that with me so he could maybe worry about me a little less and...” Adam trailed off, clearly having run out of words.

“Fuck, kid.” Nigel scrubbed at his face and flicked back through the book. He really didn’t have any open spaces, unless he did it on a day he was usually closed. “Next week, I can do Monday next week. But I just hope you’re not taking me for an idiot with this story about your dad.”

Adam frowned, “Who would lie about their dad dying?”

“Shit. Yeah of course. I’m sorry. I’m sorry about your dad.” Nigel tried to backtrack his previous and thoughtless words. “So, um. Monday. Ten in the morning, try not to be late, I don’t usually work Mondays.” Nigel winced at how gruff he sounded, a little unsettled about how Adam Raki so easily put him on the back foot.

But Adam nodded, and gave a little smile. “Of course. Thank you Mr Lupescu.”

“Just call me Nigel,” Nigel started as Adam started out the door, no idea whether he was heard or not.

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Nigel was always absolutely focused at work. His reputation was on the line every time he did a new piece, especially in the age of the internet where one shitty tattoo could go viral. So it was easy enough to keep his mind from thinking about Adam Raki for the most part.

He'd already double checked when his last heat was and recalculated when the next was due, because holy fuck did the guy light something unexpected inside him. Maybe it was the way he was clearly fucking smart, loved the solar system, and had the most beautiful fucking eyes Nigel had ever seen. Because his heat wasn't due for another three weeks, and yet it felt much closer.

Nigel always took the mild kind of suppressants, the ones that masked the symptoms but didn't fuck up your insides after a year or three on them. The kind that, whilst he wouldn't be insatiable and feel the need for a good fuck, he would need to take care of himself in the evenings with a knotting dildo in order to be able to sleep. For a working omega it was a great option. Especially one like Nigel that had had his fill of controlling alphas in the mob - and he'd never even let any of them fuck him. Though Darko had tried once or twice.

He shuddered and shook off the thought.

Maybe it was that too? The way Adam seemed so gentle and sweet. Not Nigel's usual type, but then his type had always been assholes that treated him like shit and wanted something for nothing.

"Ugh," He groaned as he jerked off in the shower, slick running down his legs. He tried so hard not to be a complete creep and think about Adam as he did so, especially as his tattoo session was the next morning. And yet, there he was spilling in his fist and trying not to growl the man's name.

The next morning Nigel felt like shit. He felt like a complete asshole. This guy was coming here to get a tattoo for his dying dad and Nigel was hard for him.

Though at least not literally at that moment, as he sat getting his station ready and heard the light knock on the door.

He took a deep breath before going to it and opening it, finding a rather shy looking Adam Raki on the doorstep.

"You're closed," He observed.

"Yeah, I said that. I don't open Mondays. Just for you today, so I didn't want to latch the door in case just anyone walked in." Nigel grinned, trying to keep the charm up, though almost losing it completely when Adam blushed a little at his words.

"I'll just be a minute," Nigel added before locking the door behind him and sitting down at the station again and getting his inks ready. "Here."

Nigel indicated the large chair with the equally substantial armrest, as he picked up a piece of paper.

“I usually like to put my own twist on things, or collaborate on the design. But this is personal so I wanted to keep it to the image in the book. So I’ve just made it a bit more flesh friendly,” He smiled and looked up to see Adam was listening to him intently, even looking at him.

Adam nodded, “Thank you.” He took the paper and looked over it, a gorgeous smile lighting up his face. “This is perfect.”

“Good, I’m glad,” Nigel grinned, “Go hang up your coat and scarf and we’ll get started shortly. I’m just going to do the outline today and the colour next week, if you can come back then? Monday again. I can’t do long sessions on my days off, I need to rest my hands or I get strains.”

“Oh,” Adam turned from the coat rack and looked back, blinking his fucking beautiful wide eyes. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realise.”

Nigel waved away the concern. “It’s cool, a couple of short sessions won’t hurt.”

Adam smiled and nodded before coming back to settle in the chair.

Nigel rolled up Adam’s sleeve and washed and shaved the area before applying the stencil he had drawn up. Once Adam had looked in the mirror and was happy with the placement, he put on a fresh pair of gloves and picked up the machine.

Adam looked a little nervous then, but Nigel didn’t want to draw attention to it so simply said, “It can be a painful area to tattoo. If you need me to stop at any time, just say so. Or raise your other hand if it’s easier.”

Adam nodded at him and then looked away as Nigel put the needle to Adam’s skin, noting the slight jump at the hum of the gun.

He drew the first, smallest, circle. The moon. And then stopped.

Nigel swallowed and tried to shake the rising scent from his nose. It was so fucking good.

No matter what brand of blockers a person took, their dynamic was always clear from the scent of their blood. And Nigel’s worst fears, or dream come true, depending on how he looked at it, had just happened.

Adam Raki was an alpha.

Nigel let out a heavy breath and fumbled with the inks for a moment before Adam cleared his throat and said, “Can you tell me more about how you make the machine from meteorite?”

Nigel blew out a breath of relief, managing to pull his focus back to what he was doing and find that grasp onto professionalism he rarely lost.

“Sure, of course,” Nigel agreed, putting the needle to Adam’s arm once more and beginning to talk.

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Nigel had somehow managed to get through the week without going completely nuts.

Of course, that might have in part been because Adam Raki had got his email address from his website and emailed him more questions about the tattoo machines. And after Nigel had replied, he had responded with some interesting facts about meteorites. And, well. Nigel was a fucking gonner.

He had no idea how he was going to finish the tattoo on the only alpha he’d really ever been attracted to. One that was sweet and smart and chatted even more extensively and passionately over email than in person.

If Nigel had just fancied him, there would have been no issue, regardless of dynamic. He’d finish the tattoo and ask him if he wanted to fuck. He wasn’t fussy, he’d been with his fair share of omegas and betas. More than alphas actually. But with Adam it was different.

Of course, the idea of the sweet boy fucking him made slick swell between his legs. But the thought of that being all there was, made him not want to go there at all.

By the time the time Monday came around, Nigel felt like he was coming apart. He hated the way Adam made him feel and wanted to cancel the appointment. But he also couldn't wait to see him again. Above all, he was terrified he wouldn't be able to complete the tattoo to the expected standard. The internal back and forth was giving him fucking whiplash.

When Adam arrived he seemed a little more shy than usual and, Nigel realised immediately, he wasn't wearing his blockers.

Nigel took in a shuddering breath and held back a whimper as he opened the door and let Adam walk in.

"I, um... Last time, you seemed uncomfortable. When I talked to my dad about it, he said it might be the brand of blockers. Sometimes they can be an irritant to others when you spend a long period together. I am currently still researching a replacement brand, and didn't want to be an irritant."

"Fuck," Nigel said quietly, running a hand through his hair and trying not to breath deep. "You're not an irritant, Adam."

Adam frowned at him, confused, "I know, the blockers are the irritant."

Nigel nodded and chuckled.

Adam smiled at him and it was all he could do not to present for the alpha, which wasn't something Nigel had ever felt the impulse or desire to do before in his fucking life.

"Well, let's get this done," Nigel said, pointing Adam over to the chair.

The session was much easier once Nigel took a few minutes to adjust to the alpha in the small space. Much less overwhelming than the scent blooming from his veins now that it was already present in the air. It was almost enjoyable. Warm on the cold day.

They chatted easily about space and the books they had read as kids, Adam was keen to know more about Romania and what it was like to grow up there. He'd never travelled out of New York state. It was easy and pleasant.

It didn't take long to get the colour into each of the planets, in fact less time than Nigel would have liked, he realised. Putting the final shading to Pluto he felt his chest grow tight at the thought of Adam leaving.

Nigel was hesitant when he started to clean and wrap the tattoo, reiterating the care instructions he'd given Adam the week before.

Adam was nodding his understanding when he blurted, "My dad said he'd really like to meet you, He's having a Christmas party and-"

Nigel's blood chilled and he cut in, "I don't meet parents, darling. I'm not the parent meeting kind." Fear gripped him, fear at the expectation of more and at the thought of never seeing Adam again. The whiplash was fucking real.

"Oh, okay. It wouldn't just be to meet my dad. I never... I don't like parties but he has to host them for his job. And he didn't want to not do one just because he's sick. I usually just stay in my room so..."

Nigel suppressed a shudder thinking about the socially inept alpha being forced to socialise and then hiding in his room. It brought out the instinct in him to care for the alpha. Which he quickly tramped down.

"I'll think about it," Nigel finally said, though he knew he wouldn't go. Because going meant acknowledging to himself that he wanted Adam to court him, and that wasn't something he'd ever wanted in his life. He had no plans to rely on anyone, much less an alpha.

Adam's face lit up at the response and it broke Nigel's heart a little.

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The date of the Christmas party came and went, and so did Christmas. Nigel had shut up shop for a few days and for the first time in his life, without work and customers, was lonely.

Adam had still been emailing him regularly but Nigel cut down his replies and then Nigel had said he definitely wasn't going to the party, and the emails slowed to a stop on both sides.. He'd been polite enough, and it had been easier over email than when the alpha had been there with his scent filling the room. A scent that Nigel still jerked off to, regardless.

He was thankful for the day he reopened the shop. He didn't have a booking until the afternoon so he could spend the morning setting up, doing inventory and getting the heat back on.

He had not expected the light tapping on his door when he would normally have opened the shop. Thinking it might be mail, Nigel went and unlocked the door, pulling it open to see Adam standing nervously there.

"I was reading about omegas and some articles said that unmated omegas can become defensive and withdrawn when they are nearing their heat. Are you going into heat, Nigel? I'd like to help you-"

"Christ, kid," Nigel pulled Adam into the shop and closed the door behind him, scrubbing a hand roughly over his face. "It isn't polite to talk about heats on someone's doorstep."

"Oh," Adam acknowledged and seemed to be making a mental note.

"I'm not... Yes, my heat is due soon, but that's not..." Nigel started, whilst Adam looked at him like a lost little puppy and Nigel really wasn't sure how to turn him away. Or if he really wanted to.

Nigel looked outside and it started snowing heavily, and the first thing that came to mind was that he couldn't send Adam back out in that weather. Which was ridiculous on so many levels.

"I really like you," Adam said quietly, "I'd like to spend more time with you."

Nigel let out a deep breath and looked down at his feet, wondering why he was denying so hard that he wanted that as well.

Before Nigel could actually reply, Adam continued in a nervous babble.

"I hope I didn't misread the situation? Sometimes it's hard for me to-" Adam paused, looking nervous. "I have this thing that makes it hard to, um, to- I'm on the autism spectrum."

"Yeah?" Nigel replied, he'd never heard of it but was sure whatever it was likely explained some of the quirks that made Adam so interesting to him.

"One thing about it is not knowing what people are thinking. I like you Nigel because you say what you mean and mean what you say. Sometimes I can't understand people... especially when they mean something different from what they're actually saying. I understand you."

Nigel let out a breath and nodded, feeling his heart pound in his chest.

"When I was younger, I would have just thought you were sexually excited because I was. That's called mind blindness. I had to learn to ask what other people are thinking. And, um, you make me sexually excited Nigel. So, um... what are you thinking?"

"Adam..." Nigel breathed out his name, trying to take it all in.

"I did misread it..." Adam started, pawing at his arm a little as though uncomfortable.

"No, no..." Nigel protested, feeling the need to assure him of that and not leave him thinking he'd fucked up. "I do... I like you, but..."

He let out another heavy sigh, realising there was no other option than complete honesty. He was blunt as fuck and usually too honest for his own good. But being honest with Adam meant admitting something he'd been running from.

"I've never much cared for alphas, and you're different and... I'm not sure how to deal with that. I've never felt this way before..."

"Felt?" Adam latched onto the word and looked at him with wide eyed expectations that made Nigel smile.

"Yeah, out of my depth. Because I like you."

Adam's face lit up and it was the best fucking thing that Nigel had ever seen.

Adam hesitated for a moment before taking a tentative step forward and closing the space between them. The alpha coming out in him as he prowled forward in his own gentle way.

"When is your heat? I, um, meant what I said. My offer." He bit his lower lip before reaching out and pressing his hand lightly to Nigel's chest.

Nigel was sure he'd be able to hear his thundering heartbeat.

"A couple of weeks," Nigel admitted, his own voice coming out as little more than a croak.

"I want to, um... I don't know if I can wait that long to knot you." Adam admitted.

"Fuck," Nigel growled and closed his eyes, his dick was hard now and he was sure Adam could scent the slick that was making his pants wet.

Adam stepped again and this time they were pressed together, Adam's mouth seeking his. And for a moment Nigel nearly gave into it, but his brain kicked in, overriding instinct.

What is this, darling? A quick fuck, or..."

Adam frowned at him, "I want you to, um, be my mate. I'm not... I don't think I want children. And I never wanted a mate before I met you. A lot of omegas don't like me. So I understand if this is, um, if you just want sex. I'm okay with that, but I'd like to know. I should have asked, I shouldn't have assumed."

Nigel shook his head, "No, darling. You can assume on this one. I don't know what I want, but I want you. I've never wanted to mate before, but with you? It's something I'd consider."

"We can take it slow," Adam agreed, nodding his head.

"No too slow," Nigel growled before pressing their mouths together.

They both moaned into the kiss. It was perfect. Chaste but then they opened to each other and tasted each other.

Nigel laughed when Adam's hands went to his buckle, trying impatiently to remove Nigel's trousers.

He pulled back and stilled Adam's hands, with no little effort given that he had an equal desire.

Adam whined and looked like he was about to be rejected.

"I have a client in a few hours, I shouldn't..." He was about to say he shouldn't do this, they shouldn't. Not there and then. But then he felt Adam's not unsubstantial cock pressed to his thigh and groaned. "I should lock the door. Let me lock the door."

He pulled away and Adam whimpered at the loss even as he began to strip his own clothes, leaving him in just his boxers when Nigel turned back from locking the door.

And what a fucking sight! The boy was beautiful and his underwear did nothing to hide how big he was.

"I, uh... I want to knot you, on the chair. I've wanted to since the first day I saw you but I know it's impolite to mention things like that. It can make people uncomfortable."

Nigel nodded, "You can talk fucking dirty to me anytime, gorgeous." He replied as he started back across the little room, pulling his t-shirt over his head.

"Want me to ride your knot, darling? is that it?" Nigel growled the words as he advanced on the alpha.

Adam whimpered again and backed up, being walked back until his knees hit the chair and he sat, grasping hold of the arms of the chair as he had when he was being inked.

"Fuck," Nigel whimpered this time, now Adam's impressive cock was all the more apparent as it strained against Adam's underwear. Nigel fell to his knees and nuzzled against it, until Adam's hands pulled tightly into his hair and he let out a little cry.

"S-sensitive... I've never..." Adam looked nervous and swallowed hard.

"Let me make you feel good, alpha..." Nigel said. When Adam gave a little nod he took hold of the boxers and started pulling them down as Adam lifted his hips.

And fuck, his cock was beautiful, his knot already starting to swell.

Nigel leaned in and nuzzled at the head, before sucking it into his mouth like a lollipop. He wasn't even sure how much of it he'd be able to take, but didn't want to chance overwhelming Adam as he let out another slightly anguished cry.

Nigel pulled off.

“I’m so wet for you, Adam. I... I have been since I met you. Before I knew you were an alpha. Before I knew you were *my* alpha.” Nigel growled and Adam whimpered.

Nigel stood and shed his remaining clothes, palming his cock, already dripping with the slick that was practically running from his hole. He started towards Adam but the alpha gave a loud whimper and shook his head, holding up his hand.

“Not like... I want to, but I... I need to control it. This time, maybe another-” Adam babbled.

“Darling,” Nigel breathed the word and leaned in to press kisses into Adam’s hair, “Whatever you need. However you want me.”

He felt Adam nod, felt his sigh of relief and stepped back.

Adam stood and pulled Nigel to him, kissing him deeply again before turning them so that Nigel was against the chair. He was about to sit when Adam pulled back and roughly turned him.

“Um, o-over the chair. Okay?” Adam asked, and Nigel could hear the control he was having to keep hold of there. It made him wonder if Adam would go into rut if they spent his heat together, and found the idea more than a little arousing.

Nigel groaned and stroked his cock a couple of times before kneeling in the chair, leaning down to the side of it to use the level to angle it back a little, before settling over it. Waiting to be taken.

“Oh, Nigel...” Adam was breathless as he tentatively pressed his fingers against Nigel’s slick, tracing it up his thigh and into him.

“Unhhh Adam...” Nigel groaned as Adam’s fingers slipped inside him, exploring an omega for the first time.

“You’re so warm, and, um, wet...” There was a tremble to Adam’s words that made Nigel want to hold him.

“Fuck me, gorgeous.” Nigel encouraged.

Then Adam’s fingers were gone and he could feel movement behind him. Then Adam’s cock following the same trail until it was pressed against him.

Nigel was panting ragged breaths as he pushed back at the same moment Adam pushed forward, taking Adam into his tight heat.

“Oh god...” Adam’s words came out as a gasp and his fingers latched tightly to Nigel’s hips.

Nigel stilled, “It’s okay darling. At your pace.” Nigel had never wanted to be so accommodating in his fucking life. But with Adam inside him all he wanted was to make the alpha happy and comfortable, knowing that his own satisfaction was already assured. It wasn’t going to take a damn lot for him to come.

Adam whimpered and then rested his sweaty forehead against Nigel's back. Then he nodded and began to slowly move.

Nigel held still, moaning at the pleasure he found in the thrusts, not daring to touch his own leaking cock. The movements became more fluid as Adam found his rhythm.

It was with a growl that Adam pressed himself fully inside Nigel, burying himself to the knot as he released Nigel's hips and clasped his hands around the omega's chest.

"Yeah, fuck, gorgeous... please..." Nigel begged and moaned.

With a grunt Adam began to pound into him, pressing him hard against the chair. Nigel was glad it was nailed to the ground or they'd have likely ended up on the floor as Adam made his true strength known.

"Gonna... knot you... my omega..." Adam panted, growled, grunted. He pushed himself in further and further until his knot was kissing against Nigel's wet entrance.

Nigel let out a cry as Adam slammed into him, burying his knot inside him, pressing against his sensitive insides and automatically triggering his own orgasm.

He spilled hot and wet, his thin omega come splattering over the chair beneath him, as Adam knotted him thoroughly.

Adam whimpered, his hips still thrusting with as much range as the knotting would allow, his teeth finding Nigel's shoulder and biting down just a little. Not the right place to bond, not enough to break the skin, but enough for the intent there to be clear.

Clear enough that Nigel came again.

And this time the pressure around Adam's cock was enough for his balls to draw up and his knot to fully swell and throb as he came hard inside the omega.

Nigel could feel Adam trembling, could hear his sobbing gasps for breath. He tried to catch his own breath as he reached up over his shoulder and gently stroked Adam's hair.

"It's okay darling, it was perfect. You're perfect."

"It's... it's too much..." Adam whined, and for a moment Nigel felt him tug back, causing a sharp jolt of pain for them both.

"I know. I know angel. Just be still, just for a few minutes. It'll be alright." Nigel tried to calm him, continuing to stroke his hair as Adam lay his head against his shoulder.

Adam whined a little more but seemed a little calmer, and Nigel wasn't about to risk having the alpha tear out of him in a panic.

"It's okay angel. You were so perfect. Knotted me so perfectly. You're my alpha now. Only mine and I'm only yours. You're perfect." Nigel started muttering words of affection, every single one of them meant.

He continued as he felt Adam's breathing begin to level out. Continued until the alpha began to purr against his back.

And then Adam came again, and they both moaned at the feel of it. This time Adam snuggling close up against his back and settling, still purring. Perfectly content to knot his omega.

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"Will you... um, come meet my dad sometime?" Adam asked nervously, as though they hadn't spent so long tied together on the chair, Nigel coming three times, that he'd had to practically hose the place down and cancel the afternoon session.

They stood outside the tattoo shop, the sun starting to get low in the sky but at least the snow had stopped. Not that either of them were cold, faces flushed even more so now that they were wrapped up in coats and scarves.

"Now?" Nigel asked, a little hesitant. Not wanting Adam's dad to scent on both of them exactly how they had spent the morning. And it was damn hard to miss.

Adam shook his head. "New Year? Um, on New Year's Eve my dad always has his friend Harlan over. He doesn't have any family. So we all spend it together."

Nigel sucked in a breath. Invited to a family only occasion? That was even more intense than the random party. But one look at Adam's face as he started to frown, made up Nigel's mind.

"I... I wasn't kidding Adam. I'm not the parent meeting kind. Parents don't like me." Nigel started, about to agree all the same when Adam smiled brightly at him and shook his head.

"My dad will love you!" Adam beamed.

Nigel chuckled and shook his head, "And why's that angel?"

"Because you love me. And he won't be able to help loving someone who loves me." Adam grinned, leaning up and pressing his cold nose against Nigel's before kissing him.

He wasn't wrong.

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